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MONTREUX

CHILLON AND RHONE VALLEY FROM
VEYTAUX

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CHAPTER I

THE SWISS RIVIERA

Montreux, strictly speaking, is a small village, the exact limits of which are only known to the parochial authorities, the land surveyors, and the map-makers. In practice the name is used to designate the district commonly called the Swiss Riviera, though Switzerland has, it must be remembered, another and a warmer Riviera south of the Alps, with head-quarters at Lugano and Locarno. How far this Lake Leman Riviera extends is a matter of opinion. Perhaps we may take it that it stretches from Villeneuve to Vevey; but, if those are the boundaries that we assign, we must proceed to hedge and qualify. Vevey is exposed to the 'bise' from which Montreux is sheltered; Villeneuve is little more than a malodorous Swiss slum, with nothing in it to attract the stranger. The Montreux of the traveller in search of a genial winter climate begins at Clarens and ends at Chillon, the one

place famous for its modern villas, and the other for its ancient castle.

Between these extremes—through Montreux, Territet, and Veytaux—runs an almost continuous street, clean enough, but far too narrow for comfort, and, thanks to the clanging of the bells of the electric cars, somewhat too noisy for complete repose. It is one of the world's beauty-spots, but it is overcrowded and overbuilt. In every direction hotels, huddled together in the narrow space between the mountains and the lake, obstruct the view. They are very good hotels—at all events, the best of them are very good—but their charm is in their internal economy, not in their architectural appearance. It is necessary to climb the hill a little way and overlook the barrier which they present in order to realize the fascination of the landscape which has caused them to spring up.

Even so, one is driven to utter a mild protest against the superabundance of vineyards. A vineyard, it is true, is more gratifying to the eye than a hotel; but poets have made too much of vineyards, perhaps because they have been too fond of wine. They have their brief hour of glory when they perish in the splendour of rich autumnal tints; but at other seasons they are monotonously green.

being all of them of the same shade of green, and the irritating uniformity is enhanced by the grey stone walls which carve them into geometrical shapes. Moreover, trespassing in vineyards—even to the mild extent of walking on the tops of the walls—being forbidden under penalty of a fine, or of aggression by some savage dog, the course of the pedestrian is apt to be confined by walls, which are a sorry substitute for hedges. We must mount beyond the vineyards to the woods if we are really to enjoy Montreux.

Up there, however, we have such views and experiences as would be well worth a longer journey and a stiffer climb. The blue floor of the lake—it is really as blue as the sky—lies immediately beneath our feet, stretching almost as far as we can see. The hills to our right decline into green meadows. Opposite to us are the darker and steeper hills of the Valais and Savoy. To our left, closing our view up the sombre valley of the Rhone, is the solid, snow-crowned mass of the Dent du Midi, which Ruskin classed with Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, the Weisshorn, and the Stockhorn, as one of the few mountains which impress the imagination as a mountain should. Just here—wherever it may be—one feels, must Mendelssohn

have been standing when he sang that hymn of praise of the scenery which the guide-books quote.

'How beautiful are these paths!' he wrote. 'This Canton de Vaud is the most beautiful of the countries that I know. If God should grant me a long old age, this is where I should wish to spend it. What excellent people! What bright expressions on their faces! What charming views! When one returns from Italy one almost melts into tears at the sight of this corner of the world, in which so many good and honest people are still to be met. There are no beggars here, no surly functionaries—nothing but smiling countenances! I thank God for having let me see so many beautiful sights.'

So he spoke, and he may speak for all of us. Since his day, indeed, the hotel-keeper and the railway engineer have laid their hands even upon the heights. It is a pity, but there is more room for their handiwork than on the lake shore, and they have hardly vulgarized the sites as yet. No doubt there are too many huge caravanserais at Glion, at Les Avants, at Caux, and on the summit of the Rochers de Naye; but a short walk from any one of them may still bring us to a place of peace, where there is no sound except the song of

THE SAVOY ALPS (WINTER) FROM THE
ROAD TO CAUX

birds, the splash of rivulets, and the tinkling of the cow-bells on the pastures; and a little longer walk may take us to some old-world village where there intrude as yet hardly any guests, save those weird Russian refugees who pace the paths earnestly, with a far-away look in their blue eyes, calling themselves students, but studying little except the political philosophy of anarchism and the chemistry of revolutionary explosives.

In these retreats—behind Vevey, perhaps, rather than behind Montreux—lies a region not marked on any map: a region that may be christened 'Cheapest Switzerland.' There are *pensions* there too modest to invite the patronage of the ordinary tourist—too modest to hang out any signboard or advertise in any newspaper. You only hear of them by accident, and, if you venture to knock at the door, it is with trepidation and the feeling that you have probably mistaken the house and intruded upon the privacy of some private citizen. But it seems that you have not. It may be rather a long time before your knock is answered, especially if your call does not happen to be paid at the height of the season; but a good lady eventually disinters herself from some subterranean retreat, and is quite glad to see you. Certainly, she says,

she can give you tea. It will be good enough tea, though she may expect you to eat bread and cheese with it; and her charge for it will be ridiculously low; and she will be quite happy to stay and gossip with you while you refresh yourself. Suppose you question her about her business.

Yes, she will tell you, she keeps a *pension*, but not, perhaps, the sort of *pension* that monsieur and madame desire. The accommodation and the fare are very simple—'without pretensions.' She only charges three francs a day—perhaps only two francs and a half. The house is rather a *pension de famille* than a *pension d'étrangers:* that is why she makes no *réclame* in the newspapers and the guide-books. She has her own *clientèle*, who are satisfied with little because they cannot afford to pay much. Who are they? Chiefly the school-teachers, and the functionaries, and the very small bourgeoisie, and also, from time to time, a Russian 'student.'

These guests, it appears, 'do not require luxury like monsieur and madame.' They are content with *pain de ménage* instead of hot rolls for breakfast. For dinner—they dine at mid-day—they have soup, and the beef that has been boiled to make the soup, and cheese. For supper they have coffee, and more cheese, and more household bread, with household

jam. The simple life, you think! Certainly, but the simple life at its most sumptuous. Some of the guests regard it as an extravagance beyond their reach, and these pay fifty centimes a day for their beds and the right of cooking the food, which they buy for themselves, in the common kitchen. The 'students' in particular mostly live upon that plan.

Perhaps Obermann—the discontented Obermann of whom Matthew Arnold is always speaking—also lived like that in a *pension* of the same kind; but we will defer speaking of Obermann until later.

CHAPTER II

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

The first object of curiosity at Montreux is always the Castle of Chillon. It is one of those rare relics of the past which still look as they looked in the past; and its history goes back even to those dark ages in which the historian gropes for information, and finds but little of it after a vast amount of trouble.

In the seventh century of our Christian era there was already not only a castle, but also a prison and a prisoner, of Chillon. Louis le Débonnaire confined there the Abbé Wala de Corbie 'in a fort,' says the chronicler, 'surrounded on all sides by the waters of Leman, from which there could only be seen the sky, the lake, and the Alps.' The castle of those days, however, was only the nucleus of the present building. The work of reconstruction and extension was done by Peter of Savoy—the same Peter of Savoy who figures in English history as a foreign leader of men in

the wars of Simon de Montfort—who added the subterranean dungeons and the fortifications on the landward side. There is only a narrow roadway there between the waters and the cliffs. It was so narrow originally that two horsemen could hardly ride through it abreast, and a strong gate barred the path to those whom the garrison did not wish to pass.

Those were the days of the feudal hierarchy, and of Savoyard overlordship in the Canton of Vaud—an overlordship restricted, more and more as time went on, by the delegation of certain rights to the Bishop of Lausanne, and to such seigneurs as those of Châtelard and Blonay, and by the recognition of certain other rights as vested in the burghers of the towns. They were also the days of the invasion of Charles the Bold, defeated successively at Morat, at Grandson, and at Nancy, and, later, of the strenuous endeavours of the Dukes of Savoy to subjugate and oppress Geneva.

One of the incidents of that struggle is the imprisonment of François Bonivard, the prisoner of Chillon *par excellence*, celebrated in Byron's famous poem. Byron apparently believed Bonivard to have been a Protestant martyr for conscience' sake; but it is hardly an exaggeration to say that Byron

MONTREUX FROM THE LAKE: AUTUMN

knew nothing whatever about him. Not only did he credit the prisoner with three wholly imaginary brothers : he was entirely wrong about his religious opinions. It was not until after his release from prison that Bonivard embraced the Protestant faith, and the Duke's quarrel with him was of a purely political character. The true version of his story was told, from contemporary documents, some years ago, by J. F. Chaponnière, in one of the publications of the Genevan Historical Society, and from that source we may construct an abridged but authentic biography.

CHAPTER III

BONIVARD

Born at Seyssel in 1493. Bonivard entered, at a tender age, upon the peaceable possession of a sinecure. At seventeen he succeeded his uncle as Prior of St. Victor, a large monastery, long since demolished, situated to the east of Geneva, on the site where now stand the Russian Church and the hotels of the Rue Charles Bonnet. It was a position with a sufficient salary, and no duties to interfere with the enjoyment of it. Bonivard seems to have spent the salary wisely on his education. He studied grammar at Pignerol and law at Fribourg and Brisgau (where he also learnt German). He visited Chambéry, Turin, and Rome. Of his doings in these places we have little information, though at Rome he seems to have taken note of the ecclesiastical abuses of the period.

Preferment in the Roman Catholic Church, he has pointed out in one of his books, was not in those days the reward of religion or sound learning.

A surer way of attaining to it was to murder some one obnoxious to an important prelate, or, failing that, to minister to such a prelate's pleasures, 'doctor his horse,' or 'look after his hawk.'

These, however, were the profound reflections of maturity. In his youth, though Bonivard may have remarked the existence of ecclesiastical abuses, he also acquiesced in them, profited by them, and thoroughly enjoyed them. His own position, indeed, as a layman, innocent of any intention of taking Holy Orders, drawing the revenues of a valuable benefice, was a glaring ecclesiastical abuse; yet it was a position to which he clung tenaciously, and for the loss of which he felt himself entitled to ample compensation. Nor is there any evidence that, while he held this ecclesiastical office, he conducted himself with the austerity of a reformer. On the contrary, though the brethren of St. Victor may have occasionally prayed, fasted, and otherwise mortified the flesh, their Prior does not seem to have done anything to encourage them in such religious exercises. The only rule that we know him to have laid down for their guidance in life is a rule to the effect that every new monk admitted to the convent should entertain the other monks at supper.

THE CHATEAU DE GLEROLLES AND
ST. SAPHORIN

Frivolity and a keen appreciation of good cheer were not, however, in Bonivard's case, any more than in the cases of Alcibiades and Bolingbroke, incompatible with a serious interest in politics. He joined the 'Children of Geneva'—a group of youthful conspirators against the Duke of Savoy, who plotted over their cups and swaggered about with cocks' feathers in their hats, carrying their lives gaily in their hands. Bonivard used to entertain them at dinner every Sunday, and after dinner they used to organize torchlight processions, and march about shouting 'Vivent les Eidgnots!' and other seditious cries. It was a perilous amusement, as the more serious among them knew well enough. 'I warn you,' said Phillibert Berthelier to Bonivard, who seemed to him to be regarding the conspiracy too much as a practical joke—'I warn you that this is going to cost you your liberty and me my life.'

The prediction was fulfilled in 1519. In that year the Duke of Savoy visited Geneva for the purpose of calling his enemies to account. The Bishop, John the Bastard—he was the bastard of an ecclesiastic by a prostitute—assisted him cheerfully in the execution of his schemes of vengeance. On his way to the city he arrested two young Genevans, tortured them until he had forced them

to make statements compromising to Bonivard, and then cut off their heads and stuck them on poles near the bridge over the Arve, with the inscription, 'These are the heads of the Genevan traitors.' Entering the city, he sent his Vidomme—who was also the managing-director of the principal disorderly house in Geneva—to arrest Berthelier; and when Berthelier refused to ask his pardon for his actions on the ground that he owed him no allegiance, he had him beheaded at the foot of Cæsar's Tower, on the island in the Rhone, where a mural tablet still keeps his memory alive.

Fearing a similar fate for himself, Bonivard assumed the disguise of a monk, and left Geneva, attended by two friends, the Seigneur de Vaulruz and the Abbé de Monthéron, who promised to escort him to a safe asylum at Echallens, a Vaudois town then under the domination of Berne and Fribourg. He got no further, however, than the forests of Jorat, near Lausanne. There his companions announced themselves as his enemies. 'Instead,' says Bonivard, 'of escorting me further, they locked me up, and obliged me, under menace of death, to assign them my benefice. The Abbé kept the Priory of St. Victor, agreeing to pay Vaulruz a pension of 200 livres, and the pair

of them handed me over to the Duke, who kept me in prison for two years.'

The story goes that the Abbé de Monthéron regarded the Priory thus acquired as a negotiable security, and immediately repaired to Rome to realize it. He died, however, before completing the transaction, and Pope Leo X., by formal act, under the seal of the fisher, bestowed the vacant benefice upon a distant cousin of Bonivard's, Léonard de Tournabous, with the consequence that, when the prisoner at last got his liberty, he found himself deprived of all means of livelihood. He ran into debt while waiting for better times. Except for a Berne innkeeper's statement of claim, which belongs to this career, history entirely loses sight of him until 1527, when he reappears, in interesting circumstances, in the novel character of a man of war.

He had been waiting, he tells us, for a favourable opportunity of recovering possession of his Priory, and in May, 1527, his opportunity occurred. The news reached Geneva that Rome had been sacked and the Pope taken prisoner by the army of the Constable de Bourbon. Pierre de la Baume, who had succeeded John the Bastard as Bishop of Geneva, thereupon assumed the right of disposing

of all the ecclesiastical patronage of the neighbourhood for the benefit of himself and his friends. For himself he took over the Convent of St. Jean, though the rightful tenant was a certain absent Cardinal; and he gave Bonivard his permission to return to the Priory of St. Victor, on the hasty assumption that Prior Léonard de Tournabous must have been killed in the disturbances at Rome. So far so good. Unfortunately, it was one thing to take the chair at the banquets in the Priory refectory and another to collect the revenues belonging to the benefice. These were derived from lands situated in the dominions of the Duke of Savoy, and Bonivard had no means of getting at them except by violence. He made up his mind, therefore, to go to war, and the story of his campaigns may be read at length in his 'Chroniques de Genève.'

The Château de Cartigny—a small property belonging to him, situated on a hill above the Rhone, a couple of leagues from Geneva—was the principal scene of his enterprises. It was, he admits, 'rather a country seat than a castle'; but he began his operations by garrisoning it with six men under the command of a certain Guillaume Castes of Fribourg. The enemy did not molest them; there

A PEEP OF OLD MONTREUX, OVER
VERAYE: WINTER EVENING

was always serious danger of reprisals when citizens of Fribourg were assailed. Emboldened by impunity, the whole garrison sallied forth one day to do their marketing in a neighbouring village, leaving only an old woman as caretaker of the fortress. Returning in the course of the afternoon, they found the gate locked against them, and the Duke of Savoy's soldiers in possession. Instead of making the attempt to storm it, they walked back to Geneva and reported themselves to Bonivard. He reproached them for their carelessness, and proceeded to engage mercenaries for an expedition on a larger scale.

His commander-in-chief on this occasion was a certain Bischelbach, a butcher by trade, who had migrated to Geneva from Berne, because the reformers of the latter city had made it illegal for mistresses to be kept by married men. The second in command was a certain Canon Vuillaumin, also of Berne, an ecclesiastic whom the reformers had ejected from his benefice. Other political and religious refugees made up the rank and file. The town council encouraged the enterprise to the extent of lending the raiders half a dozen muskets and presenting them with six pounds of gunpowder. It seems to have been Bonivard's original

intention to stay at home in his Priory while the mercenaries did the fighting. They refused, however, to start without him, and he accompanied them.

The story of the day's events is not the most heroic chapter in Genevan annals. Arriving at a village near the scene of action, the raiders went into an inn and ordered lunch, sending on one of their number, named Diébolt, to summon the garrison to surrender while they were partaking of it. Instead of surrendering, the garrison fired on Diébolt, who fell, dangerously wounded. Hearing the shot, and seeing the effect of it, the Generalissimo Bischelbach leapt upon his horse and galloped away, leaving Bonivard to take over his command. The Prior did his best to conduct an orderly retreat in accordance with the rules of war, carrying his wounded man with him. It was not a very difficult undertaking, as there was no pursuit, but its success was only partial. In one of the hamlets that they had to pass through on their way home the soldiers noticed that the attitude of the villagers was menacing. The army became a rabble. They dropped the wounded man by the roadside, and ran until the walls of Geneva once more gave them shelter.

Such is the story of what we may perhaps describe as Bonivard's Bull Run. Let it further be recorded to his honour that he was not discouraged by defeat, but renewed the campaigns of Cartigny as often as opportunity occurred. His chief enemies were a society of gentlemen of Savoy known as the Knights of the Spoon, because they wore spoons hung round their necks, and vowed that they would 'eat Geneva' with them. Their leader was one Pontverre. He and the Prior of St. Victor used to stalk each other with firearms in the woods on the outskirts of the city, and seem, while doing so, to have learnt to respect each other's characters. At all events, when Bonivard comes to record how Pontverre, out of bravado, entered Geneva by night, and was caught and killed by the indignant citizens, he expresses his regret. 'He was a virtuous gentleman,' he says, 'albeit inclined to be quarrelsome.'

These stories, it must be admitted, exhibit the Prior of St. Victor somewhat in the light of a hero of opera *bouffe*. The transition, however, in his case, from farce to tragedy, was sharp; the serio-comic campaigns of Cartigny were the immediate prelude of his long and terrible imprisonment in the Castle of Chillon. He tells the story himself, and his manner of telling it is one of his surest

titles to our respect. His restraint is nothing less than amazing, especially when we contrast it with his garrulous chatter about quite unimportant episodes of his career. He neither complains nor boasts; it never occurs to him to pose as a martyr, or to found any title to distinction on his sufferings. He seems to have regarded them as 'all in the day's work' in the long struggle for Genevan independence, and quite uninteresting from any other point of view—an attitude that one must needs admire, even though one is disappointed by it. 'Some day,' he said, 'I must write it all up, because it is part of the history of Geneva.' But he never did so in any detail. His narrative is short and scrappy, though full of conscious human touches—the narrative of a man who scorns to wear his heart upon his sleeve, and only lifts the veil and gives a glimpse of it by accident.

His guerilla warfare with the Knights of the Spoon had ended. The Genevans, who at first encouraged his raids, had at last found them a nuisance, and offered him a small pension on condition that he would live in peace. It was only a matter of eighty crowns a year, but Bonivard accepted it, admitting that the Genevan exchequer could afford no more. Then, having obtained a

THE RIVER MORGES AT ST. GINGOLPH

(The divisional line between France and Switzerland.)

safe-conduct from the Duke of Savoy, he set out to pay a visit to his mother at Seyssel, a village near Bellegarde, on the Rhone. No harm befell him there, and he started to return by a circuitous route through the Pays de Vaud. He got to Moudon, on the road from Lausanne to Payerne, where the Bishop of Lausanne entertained him.

'He treated me so well,' he says, 'that I resolved to go back to Lausanne. The Bishop gave me one of his mounted retainers for an escort; but, when we got to Sainte Catherine, on the Jorat, there suddenly appeared Antoine de Beaufort, Captain of the Castle of Chillon, who sallied, with a few companions, from a wood where he had been lying in ambush, and made a rush at me. I was riding a mule, and my guide was on a powerful cart-horse. "Spur! spur!" said I; and I myself put spurs to my beast, and laid my hand upon my sword. But my guide, instead of spurring, turned his horse, and threw himself upon me, and cut my sword-belt with his knife. Then the other worthy folk laid hold of me, and took me prisoner on behalf of the Duke of Savoy; and, in spite of the safe-conduct that I showed them, dragged me, bound and half-throttled, to Chillon, where, with none but God to help me, I was to endure my second passion.'

For the first two years of his imprisonment Bonivard was treated well. M. de Beaufort gave him a room close to his own, and received him as an honoured guest, with whom he gladly sat at table and discussed the topics of the day. In 1532, however, Duke Charles III. visited the castle. He was probably exasperated by the progress which the doctrines of the Reformers had been making in the meantime, and resolved to avenge himself on the one victim who was in his power. 'After his departure,' says Bonivard, 'the Captain thrust me into a dungeon below the level of the lake, where I remained four years. I do not know whether he did it at the Duke's command or on his own motion. But I do know that I had such abundant leisure for walking up and down that I wore a little pathway in the rock which forms the pavement of the dungeon, just as though it had been knocked out with a hammer.'

Elsewhere Bonivard tells us that he occupied himself, during his captivity, with the composition of 'any number of trifling fancies and ballads, both in the French and Latin languages.' We have no certain clue by which to identify the poems conceived under these unhappy circumstances. Even internal evidence fails us; for no poem that Bonivard

ever wrote reads like the work of a man whose spirit was broken by confinement. Probably, however, we shall not be wrong in attributing to this period of his career a certain sardonic lampoon on the Duke of Savoy, of whom the poet declares:

> 'If your case with him be just,
> Tremble then you surely must.
> If it be nor just nor true,
> No need of worry then for you.
> Go to sleep without a fear,
> He will hold your interests dear.
> But never let him know you can
> Perceive that he's a treacherous man;
> For then he'll either have your head,
> Or lock you up in jail instead;
> All honest men he does confine,
> But asks all wicked men to dine.'

They are not very brilliant verses—the original French is not appreciably better than this doggerel English version—but they have a certain interest from the picture which they evoke of the prisoner slowly thinking them out and polishing them, as he paced to and fro between his pillar and the limit of his chain. Bonivard, at any rate, has neither drawn nor hinted at any alternative picture of his confinement, and his incomplete narrative can only be supplemented by telling the story of his deliverance from the point of view of his deliverers.

Geneva, as we have seen, had been intermittently at war with Savoy for a considerable period, and by a curious irony the most notable incident of the hostilities had been the destruction by the Genevans, for strategic reasons, of the very Priory whose rightful Prior was confined at Chillon. The monks, being suddenly given notice to quit, and being offered no better shelter than that of the *hôpitaux*, or casual wards, naturally protested, and wrote to their *de facto* Prior, entreating him to help them in the matter. Léonard de Tournabous replied that he could do nothing for the moment, but that he exhorted them to wait for better times, and in the meanwhile to serve God with all humility, and live chaste lives as heretofore. To what extent they acted upon his advice we do not know, but the statement of the chronicler that the monks 'and their mistresses' assisted in the task of demolition would seem to indicate that chastity was not the distinguishing characteristic of these holy men.

The fortifications having made the city secure against assault, the Duke of Savoy established a blockade. The Genevans, as has been already stated, replied by raiding his dominions, and by soliciting active help from Berne. At last the

A CORNER OF AIGLE SKATING RINK

Bernese agreed that their sympathy should take that form, and on February 1, 1536, an army of 6,000 men set out, and marched to Geneva without encountering any resistance. After receiving messages of submission from Morges, Rolles, Villeneuve, Thonon, and Alinges, they captured and garrisoned the important stronghold of Fort de l'Ecluse. Then they started on a second military promenade through the Pays de Vaud. The Duke, being at war with the King of France, had his hands too full to interfere with them. Yverdon, under the command of the Seigneur de Saint Saphorin, made a faint show of resistance, but capitulated as soon as the Bernese cannon were brought into action. Only the Castle of Chillon remained to be taken.

In this siege the Genevans co-operated, sending four boats, with a collective equipment of 100 men. 'Two of the boats,' the chronicler tells us, 'were equipped as vessels of war, and the two others carried sacks of wool to serve as bulwarks against the artillery of the castle.' The assault had hardly begun when the Governor got on board his private yacht, and sailed away. The Genevan boats started in pursuit, but, owing to their heavy armaments and their bales of wool, failed to overtake him. Meanwhile the fortress surrendered to the Bernese,

who entered, and found four prisoners in the dungeon cell. One of them was a common criminal convicted of murder, two were Genevan citizens whom the Duke had detained when they came to parley with him under a flag of truce, the fourth was Bonivard.

The murderer was immediately decapitated, apparently without trial, by his deliverers in the castle yard, and Bonivard and the others were brought back, amid rejoicings, to Geneva.

CHAPTER IV

THE LATER LIFE OF BONIVARD

One is tempted to linger a little longer with Bonivard, even though the rest of his life belongs to the history of Geneva, and has nothing whatever to do with either Chillon or Montreux. He was appointed the Historiographer of the Republic: and the register of the Council of Geneva gives us some interesting glimpses of the historiographer at work. The first entry, dated October, 1532, is merely to the effect that 'François de Bonivard is ordered to work at the Chronicles of the Town.' It appears side by side with an intimation that Calvin is to be presented with a cask of wine in consideration of his public services. The second entry, dated June, 1546, records that a 'box of sweetmeats is to be given to François de Bonivard, who is working at the Chronicles, and his servant who writes at his dictation is to be given a pair of boots.' It jostles a resolution to the effect that, as Guillaume Farel, the Reformer,

is more shabbily dressed than becomes a minister of the Word, he shall be presented with a new suit of clothes, as a token of the regard of his fellow-citizens. Later, in 1547, we have this entry:

'François de Bonivard asks the Council to communicate to him all the documents which may be helpful to him for his 'History of Geneva,' which he will be unable to continue further than the time when he was imprisoned at Chillon, not being sufficiently acquainted with the events that occurred after that date. He also begs the Council to assign him for the coming winter a room more convenient than his own house to work in. He cannot, he says, write conveniently and compose as he should in the room in which he and his family have their meals.'

The request was granted, and Bonivard composed a narrative which is at least racy, if not of high literary merit. Unhappily, however, he did not so order his life as to enjoy the tranquillity which is most favourable to historical composition. The Geneva which he had left had been a place of rollicking and junketing; the Geneva to which he returned was a moral and religious drill-ground, with constant church parades for all the citizens, and stern punishments for such offences as gluttony,

THE SAVOY ALPS FROM VILLENEUVE

late hours, and the excessive adornment of the person. He found it difficult to adapt himself to the new conditions, and he was repeatedly arraigned before the ministers for offences against the minor morals. Flirtation with his maid-servant was the gravest of his delinquencies; but there were others. On one occasion we find him in trouble for playing a game of backgammon with the poet Clément Marot, the famous author of the first metrical version of the Psalms. On another occasion he was accused of beating his wife; but this time he defended himself successfully, proving that the beating was deserved, with the result that it was the lady whom the ministers admonished. The excuses which he offered to a charge of absenting himself from church were less acceptable. He pleaded that he was unable to walk, but was told that he had better get some one to carry him, as he had done when he went to the town-hall to look at some new decorations. Finally, he was found guilty, in spite of strenuous denials, of writing a lampoon on Calvin, and was sentenced, if the Register of the Consistory may be believed, to receive the Holy Communion* as a token of his regret for the offence.

* Redemander la cêne.

CHAPTER V

BONIVARD'S WIVES

Most of Bonivard's appearances before the Consistory were in connexion with his matrimonial affairs. He married four times after his release from prison, and two, at any rate, of the marriages were unhappy. His first wife was Catherine Baumgartner, of Berne, a lady of good family. The town council of Geneva on one occasion voted her half an ell of velvet in consideration of her good offices in persuading her husband to sell a house which the town wanted to buy. She died in 1543. His second wife was Jeanne Darmeis, an elderly lady, the widow of two husbands, and the mother of a Syndic; this was the wife of whom Bonivard declared that she thoroughly deserved to be beaten. His life with her was an unceasing series of wrangles. She deserted him, and went to live at Gex and Fribourg; the strong arm of the law had to be invoked to bring her back to her conjugal duties. Of the third wife we only

know that her name was Pernette Mazue, and that she was a widow. Concerning the fourth wife there is a painful story to be told.

She was called Catherine de Courtavonne, and was a nun who had run away from a convent. Bonivard, in the kindness of his heart—there is really no reason to suspect any ulterior motive—had given her shelter in his house. He had even spoken vaguely of marrying her, but, as the lady seemed indifferent in the matter, had let the project drop. Before long the facts came to the ears of the ministers, and Bonivard was summoned before the Consistory. It was contrary to good morals, he was told, that he should harbour this young woman, and the promise of marriage must be fulfilled without delay. Bonivard objected. His relations with his protégée, he pleaded, were Platonic: his age and infirmities were such that those relations must necessarily continue to be Platonic, even if the marriage ceremony took place; consequently he begged to be excused. The ministers, however, were obdurate. They declared that the excuse was frivolous, and that Bonivard's infirmities must not hinder him from re-entering the holy estate. He yielded to their authority, if not to their better judgment, and married his fourth wife at the age of sixty-

THE DENTS D'OCHE, SAVOY ALPS

nine. It is recorded that the bridegroom's wedding-present to the bride was a copy of his own theological and philosophical treatise, 'Amartigénée,' and that the bride's present to the bridegroom was a copy of the 'De Corona' of Demosthenes.

This fourth marriage of Bonivard's was even more unhappy than the second. Three years after its celebration his wife was arraigned before the Consistory on a charge of infidelity to her husband. One reads, with sympathetic interest, that it was not Bonivard who brought the charge, and that he even allowed himself to be called as a witness for the defence. Whether he actually believed in his wife's innocence, or merely pitied her, and sought to shield her from the terrible punishment with which such offences as hers were visited in those barbarous times, we have no means of deciding. The fact that he was nearly old enough to be her grandfather, had never, so far as one knows, been her lover, and had only married her, under compulsion, to hush the voice of scandal, makes the latter hypothesis quite as reasonable as the former. At all events, he testified that he had found nothing to complain of in her conduct, except that she had urged him to be more devout than he cared to be, had taunted him for not preaching the Gospel, and

had beaten him for inviting his friends to drop in upon him and drink a glass of wine.

It was in vain, however. The guilt of Madame Bonivard was proved. Her paramour—a certain unfrocked friar—was beheaded; she herself, in accordance with the cruel custom of the age, was sewn up in a sack and thrown like a load of rubbish into the Rhone.

So, none of his marriages having brought him any children, the old man's old age was lonely. He was seventy-two when his fellow-citizens put his wife to death for an offence against him which he himself, recognizing the extenuating circumstances, was apparently anxious to condone, and he dragged on for five years more. Beyond the fact that the most comfortable house in the town was allotted to him, we have no knowledge of how his declining days were passed. The Consistory, at any rate, ceased from troubling him, and we may suppose that the ministers strained a point in his favour, and allowed him to stay away from their sermons when he was indisposed, and to play backgammon when he felt inclined. But this is mere conjecture. We only know that he died in 1570, at the age of seventy-seven, and, in spite of his weaknesses and eccentricities, left an honoured memory behind him.

CHAPTER VI

THE LATER HISTORY OF CHILLON

The history of the Castle of Chillon, does not end with the release of Bonivard. For a time it was a military depot and the residence of the Bernese Governors, who afterwards, however, removed to the Château—now the Hôtel du Château—at Vevey; but it was to be wanted as a prison once again when the storm of the French Revolution broke.

The new era opened—and the new prisoners began to arrive—in September, 1791. The first of the new series were Rosset, assessor of the Governor of Lausanne, and Müller de la Mothe, a member of the Council of the Two Hundred of the same town. They had taken an active part in the public rejoicings which had celebrated the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille—rejoicings now commemorated by a monument on the Lausanne-Ouchy road. This was displeasing to the Bernese, who believed in aristocratic authority and

desired no revolutions in the Pays de Vaud. The demonstrators were, therefore, taken to Chillon to await their trial, and lodged in cells so foul that their very jailers had to hold their noses when they came to interview them. In due course, however, they were taken to Berne to be tried, and thence, after condemnation, dispatched to Aarburg, whence they presently managed to make their escape, and await happier times in a foreign country.

Those happier times came when a French army crossed the lake and fomented revolution in Vaud. The Castle of Chillon yielded to them peaceably, without even the pretence of a resistance. Some young men from Vevey obtained permission to visit it, and, entering as sightseers, remained as conquerors, the garrison being, no doubt, small and favourably disposed to them. By a triumphant irony, Müller de la Mothe, so recently a prisoner, was now installed as commandant, and other prisoners were speedily provided for him to look after. They were prisoners of war, captured during the operations in the Valais, and their condition was truly miserable. Carried off just as they were found on the battlefield or the farm, most of them had no change of clothes or even of linen. Their ragged garments became more ragged, their filth

THE SAVOY ALPS FROM THE BATHING-PLACE AT CLARENS

became filthier, and even their custodians were moved to pity. Subscriptions were opened for their benefit, and General Schauenburg was memorialized by the Helvetian Directorate.

'The tears of the prisoners,' ran the memorial, 'their mental anguish, and the sufferings which some of them endure through their wounds, and the great age of others, make it right that they should be released. The Directorate implores you not to stand on your rights as conquerors, but to treat them like the prisoners of the small cantons whom victory also placed at the mercy of your generosity.'

The appeal was not without effect. A considerable number of the prisoners were allowed to return to their homes in the Valais; but their places were soon taken by others. The French had been defeated in battle by the coalition of the Powers, and the Catholics of Fribourg had seized the opportunity to cut down the trees of liberty and rise in revolt. The reply of the French Administration was to arrest hostages and march them off to Chillon.

Their journey, after Bulle was passed, was a painful experience; their escort was unable to protect them from the insults, and even the

violence, of the mob. Offensive epithets were shouted at them. A friar who marched among them was the object of specially painful attentions —we have his narrative in which he complains that he was frequently kicked in the posterior parts. Innkeepers lodged them reluctantly, fearing lest their houses should be invaded and wrecked; and the populace did succeed in entering the inns and staring at the prisoners as if they were wild beasts in a menagerie. Their final arrival at the prison is described as follows by Père Sansonnens, the priest whose maltreatment has been mentioned:

'We were ushered into rooms in which there was no furniture except a couple of dilapidated benches, two or three chairs so broken to pieces that it was no longer possible to sit on them, and wooden beds, knocked up in haste, with rotten planks, and mattresses full of vermin.

'We wanted to dine, for we were hungry. But what was to be done? No one in the place could supply us, for there were no provisions, no cooks, no cooking utensils. We had to send to Villeneuve, and so were kept waiting for a long time. At last, towards two o'clock in the afternoon, they served us a very bad dinner. It was quite cold, and they did their best to make the meal appear even

more insipid and disgusting than it actually was. Impudent soldiers went in and out, counting their prisoners; others took it in turns to stare at us through the little window above the door.

'All through the day, and for the rest of the week, we heard the most alarming language used concerning us, and we were more than once warned to be careful, and to keep the doors of our cells securely fastened. Without cease we heard people exclaiming: "Guillotine them; throw them into the lake, these aristocrats, these scoundrels! Hand them over to us, and we will make short work of them!"

'After a fortnight had elapsed, the commandant, or, in his absence, some other officer of the garrison, used to take us out, from time to time, into the castle yards, where we breathed an air infected with the most pestilential odours. Finally, we received permission to walk anywhere within the walls; but we had to give up this practice to make room for thirty miserable Valaisans, covered with vermin, who, after having been locked up together for several weeks, were at last allowed to come out and clean their clothes. We feared, and had good reason to fear, that, if we continued our daily exercise, their vermin would infect us, and make

our position intolerable. Moreover, the humidity of the air of the lake caused the health of several of our number to suffer.'

Presently, however, their condition was alleviated. A sympathetic baker lent them some better furniture; they were permitted to take their exercise, under escort, outside the walls of the castle, and to write letters, not only to their relatives, but to their friends of both sexes. One of them received a consignment of Neuchâtel wine, which he shared with his companions, and they managed to live merrily until the time came for their discharge.

CHAPTER VII

SALVATIONISTS AT CHILLON

THE subsequent prisoners of Chillon have been of little general interest, with one notable exception. About twenty years ago some English ladies —members of the Salvation Army whose evangelistic activities had provoked disorder in the streets— were locked up within its walls. 'Naturally, seeing that Chillon is a military prison,' is the explanation which the concierge used to give when questioned. But their martyrdom, one is glad to relate, was not of an extremely cruel character. They were not chained to the pillars like Bonivard, nor were they confined to a diet of bread and water. Nothing but their teetotal principles stood between them and *bocks*, or bottles, of wine. They were allowed coffee and hot rolls for breakfast; they might have soup and salad and roast fowl and dessert for dinner. Their cells were comfortable bedrooms, and the jailer's daughter acted as their maid. She told the present writer that she did her best to

make their stay agreeable to them, for she liked them very much. They were *très gentilles*, and *très aimables*, and *des gens très biens*; so that the last chapter in the history of Chillon is of a pleasant domestic character.

MONTREUX GOLF CLUB LINKS AT AIGLE

CHAPTER VIII

VEVEY

From the point of view of the seeker after historical associations, Chillon is practically the whole of Montreux. Villeneuve, indeed, looks as if it ought to have historical associations; but one searches for them in vain. When one has said that Villeneuve was known to the Romans under the name of Pennilucus, one has said practically all that one can say. Of certain literary associations one may perhaps speak presently; but a word about Vevey is due first.

Vevey at least looks old, in spite of its modern hotels; and the history of the place goes farther back than the buildings. At Vevey, before Vevey was built, Rodolphe III. sealed the Charter which made the Bishops of Lausanne Counts of Vaud, and the Emperor Henry IV. signed the agreement whereby he purchased from Adelaide of Susa permission to cross the Alps in the dead of winter in order to kneel at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff

at Canossa. The cession of Chablais was the price which he paid for the privilege. As for the town itself, it was founded by Peter of Savoy, though little of the town of that date can now exist, seeing that it was pillaged and burnt in the course of the Burgundian wars. The Bernese took possession of it, together with the rest of Vaud, in 1536. It suffered not less severely than Geneva from visitations of the plague which, in 1613, carried off 1,500 persons, including all the pastors. But, strictly speaking, it had no history until that French Revolution to which it has already been necessary to refer.

There is one point, however, at which the history of Vevey touches the history of England. It gave shelter to the Regicides who were in exile on account of the part they played in the execution of Charles I. Suitable inscriptions still keep their memory alive in Vevey, and the Grand Hôtel du Lac stands on the site of the house once occupied by Lieutenant-General Edmund Ludlow, whose story we may now appropriately tell, with the help of extracts from his own blunt, straightforward Memoirs.

CHAPTER IX

THE REGICIDES

Ludlow was born in 1617, took his degree at Trinity College, Oxford, and was admitted to the Inner Temple in 1638. At the beginning of the Civil War he was one of the hundred gentlemen who formed the bodyguard of the Earl of Essex. Later, he was Major of Sir Arthur Hesilrige's regiment of horse in Sir William Waller's army, and was present at the second battle of Newbury. In 1646 he was elected member for Wiltshire, and was one of the chief promoters of Pride's Purge in 1649. In the same year he was appointed one of the King's judges, and his name stands fortieth in the list of those who signed the death-warrant. Consequently, in spite of his military service in Ireland during the Protectorate, he was marked out for vengeance when the Restoration came. In spite of the Act of Indemnity, which covered his case so far as the death penalty was concerned, he surmised that his

life was in danger, and took ship from Lewes to Dieppe.

At Dieppe he was 'received with all possible demonstrations of civility,' but still did not feel safe, as a reward of £300 was offered to anyone who would kidnap him. He hired a coach, therefore, and drove to Paris. His account of his sight-seeing there is very characteristic:

'In this town I viewed such things as were accounted remarkable, passing several Days in this Exercise. The *Louvre* seemed to me rather like a Garrison than a Court; being very full of soldiers and dirt. I saw the King's Stable of Horses, which, though not extraordinarily furnished, gave me more pleasure than I should have received by seeing their Master, who thinks fit to treat them better than his miserable People. But I loathed to see such numbers of idle Drones, who in ridiculous Habits, wherein they place a great part of their Religion, are to be seen in every part, eating the Bread of the credulous Multitude, and leaving them to be distinguished from the Inhabitants of other countries by their Cheeks, Canvas Clothing, and Wooden Shoes.'

It is a charming thumbnail sketch. Others follow. At Lyon there was trouble with 'Fryars

of different Orders,' 'one of these behaving himself in so lewd a manner as obliged me to show my Resentment of his Impudence.' At Recluse, the frontier town, the traveller feared that the garrison would require him to hand over his arms; 'but they only desired Mony to drink, which I willingly gave.' The same day the Rhone was crossed and Geneva reached, the arrival being recorded with a characteristically British sentiment: 'In the House where I lodged, the Mistress being an English woman, I found good Beer, which was a great refreshment to me, after the fatigue of my Journey, and constant use of wines, by which my body has been much distempered with Rheums.'

Two others of the Regicides—John Lisle and William Cawley—were already at Geneva; but they agreed with Ludlow in doubting whether, even at Geneva, their security was absolute. Formal inquiries were instituted as to what would happen if a demand for their extradition were made and supported by the influence of the King of France. An undertaking to give them time to escape, through the Water Gate or otherwise, while pretending to look for them, was not considered sufficiently reassuring. The exiles, therefore, addressed a request for protection to the Government of Berne; and

this being favourably received, they moved to Lausanne, where they were joined by a further company of Regicides—William Say, Nicholas Love, Cornelius Holland, Andrew Broughton—as well as by Colonel Bisco, Sergeant Dendy, and Mr. Slingsby Bethel. Colonel Bisco left almost immediately to trade in Holland; but Ludlow and his more intimate friends settled down, at the suggestion of the Berne magistrates, at Vevey. The account of the arrival at Vevey is another of those graphic descriptions which sparkle in the Memoirs:

'At Vevey we were received with the greatest Demonstrations of kindness and Affection both from the Magistrates and People; the publick Wine was presented to us in great abundance, and the next morning the Banderet or principal Magistrate, accompanied by most of the members of the Council, came to the place where we lay to give us a visit; expressing themselves ready to serve us to the utmost of their Power; giving us thanks for the Honour they said we did the Town in coming to reside among them; and assuring us, that though they were sufficiently informed concerning our Persons and Employments Civil and Military, yet the principal motive that inclined them to offer their services in so hearty a manner was the con-

A CORNER IN VILLENEUVE

sideration of our Sufferings for the Liberties of our Country. We returned our thanks as well as we could; and the next Day, having retired to a private House belonging to one Monsieur *Dubois*, who was one of the Council of the Town, we were again visited by the Magistrates and presented with Wine, with Assurances that their Excellencies of *Bern* had caused them to understand, that they would take the Civilities they should do to us, as done to themselves. They acquainted us also that Seats were ordered for us in both their Churches; that the *Commander*, as they name him, was directed to accompany us the first time to the one, and the *Chatelain* to the other. These Favours so considerable, so cordial and so seasonable, I hope a Man in my Condition may mention, without incurring the Charge of Ostentation.'

The Swiss guide, philosopher, and friend of the Regicides was 'the Very Rev. Dean Hummel of Berne.' He knew English well, having stayed some time in the country, visited Oxford and Cambridge, and 'sat under' the Rev. Thomas Gataere, Rector of Rotherhithe, whereas the English outlaws knew little of either French or German. His relations to them were very much those of the προξενος towards the stranger under his patronage in ancient Athens.

He interpreted for them, instructed them in Swiss etiquette, presented them to their Excellencies of Berne, and helped them to draw up a written address of thanks for hospitality received. The reply of the Bernese councillors was in the following cordial terms:

'*September the 3rd*, 1663.—Concerning the three *English* gentlemen who have for some time resided at *Vevey*, and have this day presented in our Assembly of Council their thanks for our Protection formerly granted to them; 'tis resolved that they shall be saluted on our part with a Present of Wine, and that Mr. Treasurer *Steiger*, with Mr. *Kilberger* and you our *Doyne*, do acquaint them with our affection and good Will to them, and assure them of the continuation of the same for the time to come.'

This was satisfactory. A dinner-party followed, at which the 'Present of Wine' was duly handed over. After the banquet the Regicides prepared to escort their hosts to their houses. 'But these truly noble Persons would by no means permit us; and being desirous that their favours to us should be yet more public, they invited us to go to the Church, that all Men might see they were not ashamed to own what they had done.'

So the Regicides attended public worship with

the mace carried in front of them, and exchanged many compliments with their entertainers, and returned to their place of residence at Vevey.

Here they continued in correspondence with their good friend Dr. Hummel. A sheaf of their letters has been discovered in the Berne Archives, and published by Professor Alfred Stern. These, however, contain little information on any events of public importance, their interest lying rather in the light they throw upon the triviality of the outlaws' lives. Ludlow himself, indeed, occasionally touches on the great events in which he had played, and still hoped to play, his part. But in the main these letters are about the danger of epidemics, the treatment of diseases, and the general condition of the outlaws' health. It is:

'Mr. Durens gave us the receipt of a water which he entitles a preservative under God against the plague, the colic, stone, and all the affections of the noble parts, of which I have sent you by this bearer a glassful.'

It is:

'Sir,

'I am bold by this bearer to present you with a small proportion of my tobacco, both new

and old, whether of them pleaseth you best to accept of. . . . I find by experience that tobacco doth me good, though not to keep the gout quite away, yet to mitigate the pain thereof when it comes.'

It is:

'It having pleased God to visit me now for above one year and a half past with the grievous pain of the gravel of stone . . . (I.) . . . therefore am desirous to use all means I can, with the blessing of almighty God, to free me, or at least ease me, of my aforesaid distemper, and am going towards the Spaw or other waters in Germany by which many have with the Lord's blessing received much ease, and some have been cured of the like distempers and infirmities.'

And so on from triviality to triviality, the correspondence of the Regicides hardly ever soaring above these planes of thought.

Their lives, however, were not absolutely equable. Hardly had they received the definite promise of Bernese protection than they also received urgent warning to be on their guard against assassins; and evidence of plots to take their lives was speedily forthcoming. Mysterious boats, manned by men

who offered no clear account of themselves, but who evidently came from Savoy, were found moored in unfrequented parts of the lake shore; armed ruffians of suspicious mien were noticed lurking near the roads which the Regicides must traverse on their way to church; innkeepers reported the arrival of mysterious strangers whom they did not believe to have come for any honest purpose; a Savoyard of equivocal appearance was seen waiting for Mr. Lisle to come out of church, and heard to mutter, *Le bougre ne viendra pas;* a man who was arrested on suspicion, and put to the question in the Castle of Chillon, revealed the details of a design, subsidized by the King of England, to kill or kidnap Ludlow and his companions. Lisle was frightened, and withdrew hurriedly to Lausanne, believing that he would be safer there. As it happened, he had hardly got there when he was murdered.

The deed was done when the victim was on his way to church, on the morning of Thursday, August 11, 1664:

'The villain that murdered him had waited his coming at a barber's shop, where he pretended to want something for his Teeth, till seeing Mr. *Lisle* at distance he stept out of the Shop, and as he

came by, saluted him. Then following him into the Churchyard, he drew a carabine from under his Cloak, and shot him into the Back. With the recoil of the Piece the Villain's Hat was beaten off, and he himself falling over a piece of timber, dropp'd his Gun, which he left behind him, and as soon as he had recovered himself, running to his companion who held the led Horse, he mounted and made his escape. Thus died *John Lisle*, Esq., Son to *Sir William Lisle* of the *Isle of Wight*, a Member of the Great Parliament, one of the Council of State, Commissioner of the Great Seal, and one of the Assistants to the Lord President, in the High Court of Justice that was erected for the Trial of the late King.'

As a result of this outrage, fresh and more stringent precautions were taken for Ludlow's protection at Vevey. He and his friends occupied at this time a lodging adjoining one of the town gates, situated on the edge of the lake, at the south-east corner of the market-place. They were permitted to build a guard-house, whence they could keep a look-out for suspicious craft coming from the direction of Savoy, and were expressly empowered by resolution of the town council to ring a large alarm-bell on the approach of danger.

THE MARKET PLACE, VEVEY

The success of Lieutenant-General Ludlow in impressing the functionaries of the Canton de Vaud with a full and lively sense of his importance is nowhere better illustrated than in the passage of his Memoirs which relates how they fell in with his views as to the steps to be taken to ensure his safety.

'I proposed . . . that upon the sound of the great Bell at *Vevey*, upon the firing of a great Gun, or the view of a Fire upon any of the Towers of the said Place, they should take Arms, secure the Passes, and seize all unknown persons in order to carry them before the Bailiff; and that if these signals should happen to be given in the Night, they should be appointed to repair with their Arms to our Lodgings at *Vevey*, to receive such orders as should be necessary. The Chatelain approved the Proposition, and desir'd, That such an order might be prepared, promising he would send it to the Bailiff to be signed; which being drawn up and sent to the Castle of *Chillon*, the Bailiff most readily signed four orders of the same Tenour, and directed them to *Vevey*, *Moutre*, the *Tower*,* and *Blonay*, with Injunction that they should be pub-

* *I.e.*, La Tour de Peilz, sometimes called Vevey la Tour.

lished two several times in the Market places, and before the Churches of the said Places, that none might pretend cause of Ignorance.'

It is a striking picture this of Lieutenant-General Edmund Ludlow anxiously searching the horizon, with one hand screening his eyes and the other gripping the bell-rope, his soul sustained the while by the reflection that all the business of the citizens was subordinated to the task of preserving the men who had slain the Lord's anointed. He must have had a great personal charm to be able to make strangers, whose language he hardly knew, so intensely interested in his fortunes. We have a further picture when we read how the local magnates came, more than once, to visit him in his house by the water-side, and stationed an imposing company of armed retainers at his door, for no other purpose than to make their high regard for him evident to all the citizens. We have also clear proof of the sincerity of their friendship in the curt language in which the Bernese refused to surrender their guests when an emissary of King Charles II. offered to make it worth their while to do so. They 'ordered the Person he had engaged to inform them of his Business, to let him know that they approved neither of his Person nor of his Pro-

positions, and that he might return by the same way he came.'

For the rest there is little to be told about Ludlow's life at Vevey. He was at one time mixed up in plots to restore the Commonwealth with Dutch assistance; but dropped the matter because he did not trust the Dutch. In July, 1689, he solemnly bade farewell to the Vevey magistrates, assuring them that 'the Lord who has provided for me, during my suffering and exile, a very favourable asylum, in conducting me by His column of fire to your benign and equitable government, now calls me to take a tour in my own country, and do my best to fortify the hands of our Gideon'; but it was not long before he was back in Vevey again, King William III. having offered a reward of £200 for his arrest.

Nothing further is known of him. His companions in exile had already died: Cowley in 1666; Love in 1682; Broughton in 1687. He himself lived until November, 1692, when he died in the seventy-third year of his age. He was buried in St. Martin's Church, where a monument to his memory, bearing a suitable inscription, was erected by his widow.

CHAPTER X

THE PIETISTS

From the Regicides we may pass to the Pietists, who, at a slightly later date, played an interesting, if not a specially conspicuous, part in the intellectual history of the place.

The sect, if one may call it a sect, is of German origin. Its doctrines, in so far as it had any specific doctrines, were first taught by Spener of Halle. It was hardly, however, a dogmatic innovation, but mainly a movement of protest against Protestant formalism. The purpose of its adherents was to spiritualize a moribund system of religious jurisprudence, and to restore to religion its intimate and personal character. They admitted a certain element of mysticism—the gifts of prophecy, and of speaking with tongues, and the like; but their attitude towards orthodoxy—whether Calvinistic or Lutheran—was hardly to be called contentious. They sought to be personally convinced of sin and personally assured of grace, and they mostly liked

to live what we now call the Simple Life. The Moravians derive from them ; so do the Methodists ; so too, perhaps—though less directly—do Plymouth Brethren, Irvingites, Salvationists. At Geneva and in Vaud they may be said to have anticipated the movement known as the Réveil.

At Geneva, indeed, there were Pietists even before Spener, though they had not yet adopted the name. Much of what Spener taught at Halle he had learnt from the Genevan pastor Labadie, an ex-Jesuit, who afterwards went to Holland, where he founded the small sect of mystics which bears his name. He left Geneva in 1666, finding himself too pious for that city, and Picot, the historian, remarks :

'The magistracy saw without regret the departure of a man who, in spite of his distinguished talent for preaching, had made himself almost intolerable by his restless and scheming character. He often used to speak evil of the magistrates in the pulpit, and in foreign countries he used to disparage the town and University. His sermons were excessively and ridiculously long ; on Sunday evenings in winter he sometimes used to extend them well into the night. At his own house, too, he used to hold gatherings at which more than a hundred persons

THE OLD CHURCH AT LA TOUR DE PEILZ

of both sexes used to meet, forming a special religious sect. The Council had often admonished him for his doings, but always without result.'

A little later, however, we begin to hear of Pietists by name, and it is again to Picot that we must go for an account of them. In his relation of the events of 1718 he says:

'It was observed that there were in the City a considerable number of Pietists of both sexes. The Council and the Consistory, which had long treated them with leniency, finally thought it well to give serious attention to their behaviour. It was established that these Sectarians used frequently to meet together to the number of thirty or forty, and that some of them claimed to be inspired, and communicated their prophecies and the results of their inspiration, while others set themselves up as preachers. It was also demonstrated that a certain number of women belonging to the sect fell into idle habits, to the point of neglecting their families and their household duties; though it was true, on the other hand, that the Pietists attended Church and received the Holy Communion just like Protestants, and led a regular life, and spoke of nothing but piety at their meetings, and were united together in a touching and gentle charity.'

Inquiries were instituted—probably their houses were searched—to ascertain what books they read. It was found that the principal works in their libraries were the 'De Imitatione Christi,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the writings of Madame Guyon and Madame Bourignon—books hardly to be regarded as of compromising character or pernicious tendency. Nevertheless, the Council and Consistory summoned the leaders of the movement before them, and 'censured them mildly, pointing out that their meetings were dangerous, and exhorting them to hold no more of them'; but Picot proceeds:

'In spite of this, however, the sect continued in existence; and in 1731 the Council employed severe measures against a man named Donadille, who went in for prophecy, and, under the pretext of Divine inspiration, was indiscreet in his behaviour with women.'

Vevey, too, had its Pietists, the most notable of them being François Magny, who taught religion to Mademoiselle Louise de la Tour, who taught it, in her turn to Jean Jacques Rousseau, and of whom we first hear in connexion with a religious controversy in which he engaged Elie Merlat, Pastor of Lausanne, in 1669.

Merlat had dedicated to Magny a volume of sermons on the subject of 'True Piety.' Magny replied by writing a book, now lost, which the Lausanne pastors suppressed, acting on instructions from the Bernese magistrates. He was also interrogated, arrested, taken to Berne, and invited to justify himself. Little that was really damaging could be proved against him. The most serious charge seems to have been that he had refused to acknowledge persons who were not Pietists as his brothers, and this he strenuously denied. It was also established that he had taken part in religious gatherings at the house of the Mesdemoiselles de la Tour, the aunts of Madame de Warens; but it could not be established that he had ever said anything at these meetings to which exception could reasonably be taken. One of his *obiter dicta* was, for instance, that 'it was not enough to be present at sermons in the body, but that the heart should also be there, and disposed to profit from them'; and there was clearly no particular harm in that. He also gave out that 'Pietism is, in a general way, a renewal of the Virtue of the spirit of God'—a sentiment which by no means savoured of heresy. Ultimately, however, he was prosecuted for translating a book

in which Jean Tenn had protested that Luther ought to have tried to awaken the individual conscience instead of founding a new sect; and he fled to Geneva, where he lived for several years. Here, too, he had occasional trouble with the magistrates, though no serious harm ever came to him. His religious influence was such, however, that, when he at last received permission to return to Vevey, two young women of good family—Mesdemoiselles Jeanne Bonnet and Judith Rousseau—left their parents' houses to accompany him, albeit from none but the most pious motives. We need not follow his fortunes any further.

Major Davel, whose history belongs rather to Lausanne than to Vevey, and may be deferred, was also a Pietist, and so was Nicholas Fatio de Duillers, whom Bishop Burnet met in the course of his travels, and described as 'a man of genius,' as 'an incomparable mathematician and philosopher,' and as 'born to carry learning some sizes beyond what it has already attained.' Banished from his own country, Nicholas came to England, where he had to stand in the pillory for 'abetting and favouring Elias Marion in his wicked and counterfeit prophecies, and causing them to be printed and published to terrify the Queen's people.' And yet

another Pietist was M. de St. Georges de Marsay, the brother of the English Minister at Geneva.

M. de Marsay had been a soldier of fortune, under the Elector of Hanover; but he abandoned the profession early, and retired, with two companions, a fellow-soldier and a pastor, to practise austerities in the Canton de Vaud. His case is chiefly interesting because he left an autobiography in which he described in detail the manner of his life. It is worth quoting from at some length for the sake of the picture that it gives us:

'We imagined our community of hermits, all three of us together, living in solitude and retirement. The order of our life, so far as externals were concerned, was regulated thus: We rose at four, and worked each of us at his own task, in rigid silence. But one of us used first to read a chapter of the Holy Scriptures.

'M. Baratier looked after the household work and the cooking; M. Cordier and I used to go, from four to seven, during the Spring of 1711, and dig up the earth to make a field, in which we sowed wheat so that we might have bread. At seven we used to return to the house and breakfast on a little dry bread, which we made and baked ourselves. After that, each of us worked until midday:

Cordier at spinning wool, and myself at sewing or knitting. Cordier also attended to all commissions and messages, going out to fetch anything that was required; while I also fetched grass for our cow, and leaves for its litter, and cleaned out the stall. At midday we dined. Baratier used to cook us the same dinner every day for a week. One week it was a dish of peas, and nothing else before or after it except a piece of bread; the second week it was hulled oats; the third it was buck-wheat gruel; and so on week after week. After dinner one of us would read something from the writings of Mademoiselle Bourignon, and then each of us went back to his work until four, which was our supper-time. The supper consisted of a dish of vegetables—a salad of turnips, or carrots, or whatever else was in season. After supper we stayed together working in our room until nine, when we went to bed. That is how we passed our days, observing silence in everything that we did, remembering that we were in the presence of God, and only speaking when it was absolutely necessary. We drank nothing but cold water, and our only treat was when it pleased M. Baratier to make our gruel with milk.

'I was like a child that knows nothing save how

THE DENTS DU MIDI FROM GRYON,
ABOVE BEX

to do the work assigned to it in the presence of its father and in accordance with its father's will. All my task was to dig in the presence of God, and to knit. We had no regular hour for devotion; but we tried, according to the teaching of Mademoiselle Bourignon, to convert all our actions into prayers.

'Drying up, as the days went by, I became so thin that my skin clung to my bones, and began to dry up, to blacken, and to crack.'

This asceticism, however, did not, in the case of the Pietists, imply celibacy. On the contrary, we read:

'As I was sitting, one day, under a tree with my knitting, it was revealed to me that, if I really and truly wished to give myself without reserve to God, I must marry Mademoiselle de Calemberg. It was also revealed to me in what manner we must live together—that is to say, that we must practise continence. On the following day I went to see Mademoiselle de Calemberg, and informed her of these revelations, and it appeared that God had also made his will in this matter known to her. Consequently, a few weeks afterwards (July 29, 1712) my comrade, M. Baratier, married us, in Madame Castel's parlour. We possessed sevenpence halfpenny between us at the time of our marriage.'

It is gratifying to be able to add that the marriage contracted in these strange circumstances turned out well. At first the happy pair were supported by the voluntary contributions of their neighbours. Then M. de Marsay remembered that an inheritance was due to him on the division of his father's estate. He went to Geneva to claim it, arranged that his brother should take the capital and pay him an annuity, on which he lived, wandering about from place to place, until 1755. It is said that, as he grew older, he abandoned his eccentricities, and was content to live an ordinarily godly life, like other people.

CHAPTER XI

MADAME DE WARENS

From the Pietists we may pass to Rousseau and Madame de Warens.

Rousseau, of course, belongs, strictly speaking, to Geneva—'the austere citizen of Geneva' was one of the names men called him by; but he also had certain associations with Vaud, and even with Vevey and Montreux. His father was a watchmaker and dancing-master, who, banished from Geneva for assaulting a soldier who had refused his challenge to a duel on the ground that soldiers did not fight with dancing-masters, had gone to live at Nyon, and Jean Jacques spent some time with him there as a boy. In early manhood he spent a night or two at the Clef—an inn still standing in the Vevey market-place—and was so impressed with the beauty of the scenery there and at Montreux that he used it for the local colour of 'La Nouvelle Héloïse.' Local tradition still

identifies 'le bosquet de Julie,' though perhaps on insufficient evidence.

Madame de Warens, on the other hand, was born at Vevey and grew up there. Until recently little was known of her beyond what Rousseau related in his 'Confessions,' and Rousseau only knew what she told him, and there is every reason to suppose that she did not tell him the truth. Of late years, however, the sleuth-hounds of the Vaud Historical Society have been on her track. MM. Eugène Ritter and Albert de Montet know her as her next-door neighbours knew her, and perhaps even better. Old letters have come into their hands; and from these the real Madame de Warens—the benefactress, and also, if (which is doubtful) we may believe the 'Confessions,' the mistress of Jean Jacques—can be reconstructed.

She was a Mademoiselle de la Tour—a niece of the Mesdemoiselles de la Tour at whose house Magny used to hold his prayer-meetings; she herself had lived for a time in Magny's house. While still a child, she was married to M. de Warens. In 1726—at the age of seven-and-twenty—she left her husband, fled to Savoy, embraced the Roman Catholic faith, was awarded a pension, and, thanks to the 'Confessions,' achieved immortal

fame. It is a famous story, but much that is essential is left out in Jean Jacques' narrative.

It was not enough for him to represent Madame de Warens as a sinner, however charming; he must also depict her as a saint, however frail. His love of paradox would not be satisfied with less. So he holds her up to admiration as a person who had sacrificed her worldly position and advantages for conscience' sake, and says:

'She had abandoned great possessions and a brilliant rank in her own country in order to follow the voice of the Lord.'

It is possible, of course, that he told the story as he heard it. He was a very young man when he heard it, and he was not questioning Madame de Warens either in the confession-box or in the witness-box. He may not have known or he may have attached no importance to the fact that, when she crossed the lake in obedience to the voice of the Lord, she took with her 9,622 florins' worth of plate, linen, and furniture belonging to her husband. Such was the case, however, and subsequent critics have judged that simple piety was insufficient by itself to explain this particular feature of the withdrawal, while recent research in public and private archives has brought many new facts

to light. Among other things there has been discovered a letter, rather longer than a magazine article, in which her husband, M. de Warens, tells the story of her treatment of him from a point of view which is naturally different from either hers or Rousseau's. It is a letter which illuminates the situation, not only because of the new facts which it discloses, but also because of the light which it incidentally sheds upon the character of the writer.

He was a good man, a very good man; a man who always did his duty—and sometimes more than his duty—in the state of life to which he was called. In the matter of 'settlements' he appears to have behaved most handsomely. He took his wife from a boarding-school to marry her, and paid all her bills, which amounted to a figure which may well have frightened him when he reflected that, for the future, she would have an implied authority to pledge his credit. What with the accounts of the dressmaker, the glover, the boot-maker, and the necessity of replacing a 'foot-warmer' belonging to the head mistress which Mademoiselle de la Tour had broken, the total was no less than 3,068 florins. But M. de Warens paid up like a lover, and took a receipt, and kept it, like a man of business.

THE FOUNTAIN IN VEYTAUX VILLAGE

So far so good. M. de Warens had established an indisputable claim to his wife's gratitude. But gratitude is not quite the same thing as love; and it is impossible to prove that M. de Warens was lovable. He was just, and stern, and stubbornly religious; his consciousness of his own respectability and piety illuminates the whole of his long apology; but there is nothing in it, from beginning to end, to suggest a reason why a young woman of bright and animated disposition should have preferred him to other men, equally pious and respectable. So his wife, whose disposition was certainly bright and animated, in spite of her Pietist training, became bored, and sought distraction. Some women, in the circumstances, would have sought distraction with lovers, others with religion; Madame de Warens sought it in commercial enterprise. In 1725—when she was twenty-six years of age—she decided to start the manufacture of silk stockings in a country in which silk stockings were not much worn; and for a time it seemed as though silk stockings represented the whole of life to her.

Her husband was very accommodating. He spent 7,500 florins in fitting up the factory, and put about 8,000 florins into the business as working capital. Unfortunately, he left the conduct of the

business to his wife, and the result was what might have been anticipated. The adventure was unprofitable from the first. By the spring of 1726 creditors were clamouring for their dues, and there were no assets except the petty cash. It was at that period, and in those circumstances, that Madame de Warens crossed the lake in obedience to the voice of the Lord, but not forgetting to take plenty of plate, linen, and furniture with her, was received as a proselyte into the Roman Catholic Church, and was rewarded with a pension by the King of Sardinia. Considering all things, it requires no exceptional cynicism to suggest that she did not take that journey primarily for the purpose of saving her soul from hell, but that the purpose of saving her property from her creditors was simultaneously before her mind.

So much for Rousseau's allegation that his benefactress 'had abandoned great possessions and a brilliant rank in her own country.' The story of her flight is not told by him in any detail; and M. de Conzié—the chief of the other authorities on the subject—adds little of consequence to his narrative. Neither of them, apparently, knew much about it. But M. de Warens knew all about it, and has told.

It seems that already, in 1725, Madame de Warens had visited Savoy, and had been so cordially received that she told every one, on her return, that she liked Savoy much better than the Pays de Vaud. During the following winter she was ill.

'My uncle, M. de Vullierens,' writes M. de Warens, 'having done us the honour of coming to see us, she told him in so many words that he would hear, in the course of the summer, of an extraordinary event connected with a lady of the country. This is a proof that she was preparing for her coup long beforehand.'

It is possible, though such anecdotes are too easily invented to be convincing. But it is at least certain that Madame de Warens laid her plans for her departure, and the clandestine removal of her goods, with an ingenuity worthy of a better cause.

'In the spring of 1726 she took the precaution of sending for M. Viridet, a doctor at Morges, with the idea of getting herself ordered to take the waters—a remedy which is a saddle to fit all horses. M. Viridet, who knew that her complaint was more mental uneasiness than anything else, was careful not to oppose her when she expressed her determi-

nation to take those of Amphion. Under this pretext, she made everything ready for the execution of her project.'

Circumstances smiled upon her.

'At the end of June, 1726, a flood did considerable damage to Vevey and the neighbourhood. Cellars, gardens, cider-presses—everything that lay low, in fact—were under water. Hardly had matters been set straight than she took the opportunity of a general spring cleaning to put all the best and finest linen on one side.'

So, while M. de Warens, who was a member of the Vevey Council, was inspecting the damage done by the flood, Madame de Warens was packing. She was accustomed to travel with plenty of luggage, so that the number of her boxes excited no remark. She got them all on board a boat while her husband was having supper with M. Couvreu; he was so little suspicious that he went down to the quay and saw her off. A few days later he visited her at Evian, still supposing that his plate and his linen were safely locked away in the usual cupboards. During her stay there she added insult to injury by asking him when he got home to send her a certain gold-headed cane, and Bayle's 'Historical and Critical Dictionary,' in five volumes, which she

had inadvertently left behind. M. de Warens promised, and his narrative continues:

'My travelling companions came to visit her. We took our coffee together; then, going out, they said they would let me know when they were ready to start. During the rest of the time that I was with her she kept sighing, and saying from time to time, "My dear husband, what will become of you?" Apparently this was the remains of the remorse of conscience; but its voice was soon stifled, as is proved by what happened on the very eve of our departure. As she was subject to vapours, I thought that this was only a symptom of that malady, and I tried to calm her.

'The hour of our departure arrives. I am informed of it. I take leave of her. She shows me as much friendship as she has ever shown me in her life. She accompanies me outside the house, the back of which looks on the lake, as far as the water's edge, with tears in her eyes. I saw a few of the King's guards hanging about. It would never have occurred to me that they were there for the purpose of watching us. That was the case, however, and I have since learnt that my deserter had already pledged her word to the Bishop of Annecy. We started. Her eyes followed the boat. But of what

dissimulation is not a woman capable? I learnt on good authority, though long afterwards, that hardly had she turned her back than her servant-maid said to her, "Madame, you have a good husband." "If you think so, take him," she replied. "He will soon be without a wife."'

It is a sad story of marital blindness, though it misses sublimity because the blindness was clearly not that of affection. Nothing is more evident from the whole tone of the letter—and more particularly, perhaps, from the scornful passage about the 'vapours'—than that M. de Warens was not in love with his wife; his subsequent proceedings prove to demonstration that her departure hurt his pride far more than it wounded his heart. As soon as he heard that his wife had left Evian under royal escort, a suspicion seized him. He rushed to the cupboards, burst them open, and discovered that they were empty. Then he jumped on his horse and rode post-haste to Geneva, hoping to get his property stopped and restored to him at the custom-house through which it would have to pass; but that hope was baffled by the fact that the seal of the King of Sardinia was on all the packages. Finally, with a view to litigation, he sat down and made a

THE NORTH END OF AIGLE CASTLE

complete inventory of the goods removed. He omitted nothing in it—not a salt-cellar, nor a candlestick, nor a mustard-pot, nor a snuff-box, nor a vase; he added notes explaining on what principles the value of the various articles was assessed. His whole attitude, in short, betokens a commercial rather than a sentimental mind.

This absence of all sentiment from situations in which sentiment of some sort might be expected to find a place is, indeed, the extraordinary feature of the story. We have had an elopement without a lover; there follows a pursuit resulting, not in the capture of the fugitive, but in the drafting of a deed of settlement. Madame de Warens, as we have seen, was eloping, not from her husband, but from her creditors. Her husband's feelings in the matter weighed with her as little as if he had been her butler. If he liked to embrace the Roman Catholic religion and join her at Annecy, she would be pleased to see him. If he preferred to remain at Vevey, it would be all the same to her. So she wrote to M. de Warens, assuring him that she prayed God 'to touch his heart and illuminate him by His Holy Spirit,' and inviting him to come and see her and talk matters over.

He came. Though he called by appointment,

he found Madame de Warens in bed. The reason was obvious—she 'desired to cover a part of her confusion.' But M. de Warens was not to be mollified by the device. Conquering the feelings of tenderness which the scene evoked, he sat down on the edge of the bed and proceeded to talk theology.

'I represented to her (he says) as forcibly as I could that to abandon a Church, whose principles one has imbibed with one's mother's milk, and to throw oneself into the arms of another without previously examining its doctrines, would be a very wrong thing to do, even though the latter Church were the true one. I added that what aggravated her fault, and, indeed, made it inexcusable, was the fact that of all the Churches in the Christian world the one which she had just left was in closest conformity with the purity of the primitive Church, in respect both of its dogmas and of its modes of worship; whereas, on the contrary, the doctrines of the Church which she had adopted were so filled with absurdities, fables, and gross errors that it was impossible that she could really believe them, even though she might profess to do so. She might deceive men, but she could not deceive God.'

Beginning with these conciliatory remarks, M. de

Warens proceeded to business of a more worldly character. What, he wanted to know, was Madame de Warens prepared to do for him? He had lent his name to her speculations in the silk stocking industry, and allowed her to borrow money on his credit to carry it on with; consequently, her creditors would look to him for payment. But she, on her part, had carried away plate and linen and furniture —to say nothing of Bayle's 'Historical and Critical Dictionary'—to the value of 9,622 florins, while anything that she had left behind—the stocking factory itself, for instance—was liable to be confiscated by the State on account of her perversion. Really it was an exceedingly awkward situation.

'I quite perceive that,' she said. 'I know of no better remedy than that you should follow the plan I have proposed to you—change your religion and join me here.'

'The remedy,' said I, 'is worse than the disease. How dare you make such a proposal to me?'

'You are wrong,' she answered; 'but I am quite willing to do whatever I can to assure you the peaceful possession of my property. It is only a question of how to set about it.'

'There are two ways,' said I: 'a will in my favour, or a deed of gift. Neither of the two would

prevent confiscation; but the latter might be of some service to me as against other claimants.'

Preference was given to the deed of gift; for M. de Warens, having influence in high places, knew of means by which the threatened confiscation, of which he made so much, might be avoided. It was drawn up as quickly as possible. M. de Warens read it over, and suggested alterations, which were agreed to. Then his wife introduced him to the Lady Superior of the convent in which she was staying, who made a desperate effort to convert him.

'Ah, sir,' said the good lady, 'is it not a pity that a man like you should live in error? Why don't you follow the example of your wife? Come and join us, and I assure you you will be well received.'

'It is my boast, madame,' replied the Calvinist, 'to profess that which you call error.'

'Then you believe,' she asked, 'that your wife will be damned?'

'My religion teaches me to judge no one,' was the answer.

Thus courtesies were exchanged until M. de Warens had to go. His wife inquired when he was coming to see her again; but, having the deed of gift in his pocket, he probably failed to see the

use of further interviews. At all events he made no appointment, and never again met his wife. 'As I was leaving,' he writes, 'she had a kind of fainting fit. The duration of it, however, was so short that it completed my conviction that she was a perfect comedian.' A few weeks afterwards he got a letter from her which ended with these words: 'I beg you to regard me henceforth as dead, and to think no more of me than if I really were so.'

Thenceforward their lives ran in separate channels, and they communicated with each other only through their solicitors. In the fullness of time M. de Warens obtained a divorce on the ground of 'malicious desertion,' and was free to remarry if he wished. He did not wish, his previous experiences not having been sufficiently encouraging; but he wrote a short poem on the subject, addressed to a lady of Lausanne, whither he had removed, who had endeavoured to arrange a match for him. It is still preserved in manuscript by his family, and runs as follows:

'Non, je ne serai plus constant dans mes amours,
Et je me fais vœu de badiner toujours.
Plutôt que de languir dans un cruel empire,
Vaut-il pas mieux de jour en jour changer?
En liberté à présent je respire
Et je mourrai plutôt que de me rengager'—

which doggerel French may be rendered into the following doggerel English:

> 'No longer constant in my loves I'll be;
> Henceforth flirtation is the thing for me.
> Rather than pine beneath one cruel sway
> 'Twere well to change allegiance every day.
> At present I am breathing freedom's breath;
> Ere I become a slave I'll welcome death.'

ST. SAPHORIN

CHAPTER XII

BYRON

How Jean Jacques, having run away from Geneva to avoid being thrashed for stealing apples, found a home with Madame de Warens and allowed himself to be converted to Roman Catholicism, on what strange terms he lived with her, with what ingratitude he ultimately treated her—these matters hardly fall within the scope of the present volume. Indeed, it is a little difficult to say exactly what does fall within the scope of a book about Montreux. The place, as has already been stated, is—save for Chillon—of quite modern origin. At the most there is a small nucleus of earlier date, round which the modern agglomeration of hotels, *pensions*, villas, and shops has gathered. Its records are merely the records of the building of mountain railways and of the *va-et-vient* of tourists, sometimes illustrious, but more often 'even as you and I.' Until the practice was forbidden, they used to scrawl their names on Bonivard's pillar;

now they have to be satisfied with reading the names of their predecessors.

Byron's name is the one that is chiefly remarked. Bonivard would never have been so famous had it not been for Byron's erroneous account of him; and Byron's own sojourn on the shores of the lake still makes its appeal to all romantic minds. He came there, it will be remembered, to seek peace when driven from England by the prudery of public opinion, and called at Coppet, and presented Madame de Staël with a copy of 'Glenarvon'—the *roman-à-clef* in which Lady Caroline Lamb had attacked his character. An English lady who was in the drawing-room at the time fainted when she heard his name announced, and the rest of the company, according to his own account, 'looked as if his Satanic majesty had been among them.' One of the company was Madame de Staël's son-in-law, Duke Victor de Broglie, and we have from his pen an appreciation of the poet, and a picture of the figure that he cut:

'Lord Byron, an exile of his own free will, having succeeded, not without difficulty, in persuading the world of fashion in his own country that he was, if not the Devil in person, at least a living copy of Manfred or Lara, had settled for the summer

in a charming house on the east bank of the Lake of Geneva. He was living with an Italian physician named Polidori, who imitated him to the best of his ability. It was there that he composed a good many of his little poems, and that he tried his hardest to inspire the good Genevans with the same horror and terror that his fellow-countrymen felt for him; but this was pure affectation on his part, and he only half succeeded with it. "My nephew," Louis XIV. used to say of the Duc d'Orleans, "is, in the matter of crime, only a boastful pretender"; Lord Byron was only a boastful pretender in the matter of vice.

'As he flattered himself that he was a good swimmer and sailor, he was perpetually crossing the Lake in all directions, and used to come fairly often to Coppet. His appearance was agreeable, but not at all distinguished. His face was handsome, but without expression or originality; his figure was round and short; he did not manœuvre his lame legs with the same ease and nonchalance as M. de Talleyrand. His talk was heavy and tiresome, thanks to his paradoxes, seasoned with profane pleasantries out of date in the language of Voltaire, and the commonplaces of a vulgar Liberalism. Madame de Staël, who helped all her

friends to make the best of themselves, did what she could to make him cut a dignified figure without success; and when the first moment of curiosity had passed, his society ceased to attract, and no one was glad to see him.'

It was not, however, for the pleasure of meeting Madame de Staël that Byron had made Geneva his retreat. He wanted to meet—there is every reason to suppose that he had arranged to meet—Miss Jane Clairmont, soon afterwards the mother of his 'Allegra,' who was travelling with the Shelleys; and his friendship with Shelley was the indirect result of his intimacy with that young lady. The two poets first fraternized at Dejean's Hôtel d'Angleterre at Sécheron, and after they had left their hotel—Byron for the Villa Diodati and Shelley for a cottage called Campagne Mont Allègre—they continued to visit each other daily, or rather nightly, and to sit up late, discussing all imaginable subjects. It was there that they read 'Christabel' together, and agreed that they would each of them write a ghost story, whence it resulted that Polidori wrote 'The Vampire' and Mrs. Shelley 'Frankenstein.' It was there, too, that 'Monk' Lewis, his feelings having been worked upon by the humanitarian

poets, signed a codicil to his will, which they and Polidori witnessed, requiring any future holder of his properties in Jamaica to reside on the estate for three months in every third year, in order to see that the slaves were properly treated.

One has a very pathetic reminiscence of these midnight debates and colloquies in Mrs. Shelley's journal. In 1822, soon after her husband's death, she wrote thus:

'I do not think that any person's voice has the same power of awakening melancholy in me as Albe's. I have been accustomed, when hearing it, to listen and speak little; another's voice, not mine, ever replied—a voice whose strings are broken. When Albe ceases to speak, I expect to hear *that other* voice, and when I hear another instead, it jars strangely with every association. I have seen so little of Albe since our residence in Switzerland, and, having seen him there every day, his voice—a peculiar one—is engraved on my memory with other sounds and objects from which it can never disunite itself. . . . Since my incapacity and timidity always prevented my mingling in the nightly conversations at Diodati, they were, as it were, entirely *tête-à-tête* between my Shelley and Albe; and thus, as I have said, when Albe speaks

and Shelley does not answer, it is as thunder without rain—the form of the sun without heat or light —as any familiar object might be shorn of its best attributes; and I listen with an unspeakable melancholy that yet is not all pain.'

There were not only talks to be remembered, however, but also trips and excursions. The Shelleys went alone to Chamonix, where Shelley wrote in the visitors' book at Montanvert his famous Εἴμι φιλάνθρωπος δημόκρατικός τ' ἀθεός τε, and where he composed his poem 'Mont Blanc,' as he looked up at the mountains, leaning against the bridge across the Arve. But they took the tour of the lake together with Byron, and were nearly wrecked upon the rocks of Meillerie. 'I ran no risk,' writes Byron, 'being so near the rocks and a good swimmer; but our party were wet, and incommoded a good deal.' Shelley took the matter more seriously. He writes:

'One of our boatmen, who was a dreadfully stupid fellow, persisted in holding the sail at a time when the boat was on the point of being driven under water by the hurricane. On discovering his error, he let it entirely go, and the boat for a moment refused to obey the helm; in addition the rudder was so broken as to render the

ST. GINGOLPH FROM BOUVERET, AFTER
A STORM

management of it very difficult; one wave fell in and then another. My companion, an excellent swimmer, took off his coat; I did the same, and we sat with our arms crossed, every moment expecting to be swamped. The sail was, however, again held, the boat obeyed the helm, and, still in imminent peril from the immensity of the waves, we arrived in a few minutes at a sheltered port in the village of St. Gingoux. I felt in this near prospect of death a mixture of sensations, among which terror entered, though but subordinately.'

The main object of the excursion thus diversified was to identify and weep over the 'bosquet de Julie,' the rock of St. Preux at Meillerie, and the other scenes in 'La Nouvelle Héloïse.' It was the fashion of those days to be moved to tears by the 'more than human sensibility,' as Shelley styles it, of Jean Jacques; nowadays even a poet is only bored by it. One may note, however, without troubling to quote 'Childe Harold,' that Byron had his tears under better control, and gave a wider range to his interests than the younger poet. They went to Lausanne together, and visited the summer-house in which Gibbon finished the 'Decline and Fall.' 'My companion,' Shelley says, 'gathered some acacia-leaves to preserve in

remembrance of him. I refrained from doing so, fearing to outrage the greater and more sacred name of Rousseau.' So great was still the influence of Rousseau over the sentimentally minded!

Shelley left Geneva for England at the end of August. Byron stayed until October, and then set out for Italy. During his short sojourn he had written a canto of 'Childe Harold' and the 'Prisoner of Chillon,' a poem which is not the less admirable, poetically, because the poet knew neither who the prisoner was nor why he was imprisoned in the castle. And he had also set a fashion in foreign travel. After the publication of the 'Childe' and the 'Prisoner,' the Lake of Geneva became a place to which poets instinctively repaired. Southey went there, so did Thomas Moore, so did Samuel Rogers, so did—— But to enumerate the poets who have been to Geneva would be as long a task as to enumerate the stockbrokers who have been to Brighton, and not much more profitable.

CHAPTER XIII

'OBERMANN

If we are to speak of the sentimentalists associated with Montreux, 'Obermann' must not be forgotten.

Ostensibly Obermann is a fictitious character, just as are René and Adolphe. But just as René is really Chateaubriand and Adolphe is really Benjamin Constant, so Obermann is really Étienne Pivert de Senancour. Senancour, like the others, laid bare the secrets of his soul through the mouth of an imaginary personage, to whom he attributes all his own mental and spiritual anguish. Like them, though with certain differences to be noted, he expressed the spiritual malaise of a period. That is his principal title to fame, and such fame as he achieved was chiefly posthumous. 'Obermann,' at the time of its publication, fell stillborn from the press. The author's contemporaries, agitated by political disturbances, had no leisure to attend to him. He had to wait for recognition until

a generation arose whose pessimism he had anticipated; but then he was 'discovered.' In France Sainte Beuve and George Sand discovered him; in England Matthew Arnold was his prophet.

Perhaps there is no very convincing reason for connecting him specially with Montreux; but one may make the excuse that one follows Matthew Arnold in doing so. Wherever Matthew Arnold travelled among the mountains he saw the shade of Obermann as a phantasmal *genius loci*. The vision appeared to him on the Gemmi, and on the road to the Grande Chartreuse; but the best-known and most frequently quoted reference is to a vision of Obermann that appeared in the pine-forests above Montreux, where the English poet heard his plaintive cry:

'Then to the wilderness I fled—
There among Alpine snows
And pastoral huts I hid my head,
And sought and found repose.

'It was not yet the appointed hour.
Sad, patient, and resign'd,
I watched the crocus fade and flower,
I felt the sun and wind.

'The day I lived in was not mine,
Man gets no second day.
In dreams I saw the future shine—
But, ah! I could not stay!

'Actions I had not, followers, fame;
I pass'd, obscure, alone.
The after-world forgets my name,
Nor do I wish it known.'

Only it is not quite true that Obermann found the repose that he sought in the shadow of the Dent de Jaman. The statement that he did so almost suggests that Matthew Arnold had not really read his writings, but had, from a few stray hints, imagined an Obermann of his own. It may be—it has been said—that Senancour ultimately found consolation in Pantheism; but the evidence, such as it is, for that statement is found in a later work—the 'Free Meditations of an Unknown Recluse.' From 'Obermann' alone the conclusion could not have been deduced, and the few facts that are known concerning the career of the author scarcely warrant the statement that he found any consolation anywhere.

Born under the *ancien régime*, Senancour was educated for the priesthood; but his beliefs evaporated under encyclopædic influences, and his conscience bade him quarrel with his parents rather than take orders. Some men—perhaps the majority of men—are able to support the loss of a religious faith with a serene mind. They may be cynically

serene like Voltaire, or sentimentally serene like Renan; but their hearts do not hanker after the superstitions which their intellects reject. But there are other men who, when the creed of their childhood has to be abandoned, feel like sailors lost, without a compass, on an uncharted sea—would rather be guided by false lights than by none, and exclaim miserably that

> 'Of all poor creatures under heaven's wide cope,
> Those are most hopeless who have had most hope,
> And most beliefless who have most believed.'

That attitude has been very frequent at Oxford, where religion is invested with poetry and the enchantments of the Middle Ages linger. The tendency there has always been for men to hug their chains instead of rejoicing in their liberty. Let anyone who doubts it study the lives of Arthur Hugh Clough, of Francis Newman, of John Addington Symonds, whose letters and diaries alternate between lamentations and hysterics. Senancour, we may take it, was a man of a very similar temperament to theirs, and he suffered under certain disadvantages from which they were exempt. He was less of a scholar, less of a man of the world. He was only nineteen years

SUNSET ON THE LAKE

of age when his spiritual crisis came to a head, and he pondered over his troubles in solitude instead of facing them in the society of his fellow-men.

For years, while the revolutionary storm was raging, he hid himself, or wandered in lonely places—in the Forest of Fontainebleau, at St. Maurice in the Valais, at St. Saphorin, and in other villages at the Montreux end of the Lake of Geneva. His talk in these retreats is much more of ennui than of repose, and he increased his ennui by marrying an uncongenial wife. Circumstances in the end drove him back to Paris, his patrimony having been lost or dissipated, and the necessity of earning a livelihood being urgent. He was poor, and he knew no one. Journalism was his only resource, and he was not of the stuff of which good journalists are made. Of his performances in the character of journalist little is known, except that he contributed to a biographical dictionary, and earned a brief notoriety in the police-courts by describing the Founder of Christianity as 'a respectable moralist.' He lived to be old without achieving any other celebrity, and the epitaph engraved, at his desire, upon his tomb is: 'Eternity, be thou my refuge.'

The question has been asked, Why did Senancour fail, while Chateaubriand, who also felt the *malaise du siècle*, and went out into the wilderness to meditate, succeeded? One might find the answer to the question in the circumstances of his life, without any reference to his writings. Between Senancour and Chateaubriand there is all the difference between the recluse who is really a recluse and the recluse who even in his solitude has his finger on the beating pulse of life. The world was with Chateaubriand even in the wilds of North American forests. Senancour sought the desert before forming connexions with the world, and the pessimism which he brought back from it bore little relation to any current ideas. The historian of literature, looking backwards, can see that he was in a way typical of the unrest of a hundred years ago; but he did not know this, and his contemporaries did not feel it. His pessimism was particular rather than general, and seemed to come a day behind the fair, when the optimism of an æsthetic Catholic revival was the dominant sentiment of the hour. Consequently, his contemporaries saw only aloofness where critics of a later day have seen sincerity. He could not influence his age because he did not, in any proper sense, belong to it. He

only spoke for himself, whereas Chateaubriand spoke for France.

And what of the value, the significance, the 'true inwardness' of 'Obermann'? That is a question on which it is hard to speak confidently. Some critics have declared the true lesson of the book to be that man cannot live happily unless he submits to the spiritual dictatorship of the Church of Rome; but that is nonsense. Many men, as a matter of obvious fact, do live happily without acknowledging any such allegiance, and Senancour was quite as far removed from the Protestant as from the Roman standpoint. He may have been, as Mr. Waite, his English translator, contends, 'a mystic in the making'; but it is the darkness of his soul, rather than the illumination of it, which even at the last was only doubtful and partial, that arrests the reader. In part, no doubt, the sustained and eloquent melancholy represents the effect of the popular arguments of the day upon a weak but singularly sensitive character, insufficiently fortified by the philosophic studies which it eminently needed. That is how it comes about that the passing moods of most of those who seriously face the everlasting riddles appear in 'Obermann' as fixed ideas and permanent obstacles to content-

ment, and why all who have been moved by the melancholy of 'Obermann' have felt or recalled an echo of it in their own inner lives. For the riddles of the universe exist for all, and none can be made happier by their inability to solve them. The excess of gloom, however, which distinguishes Senancour would appear to be the result not of a profounder philosophy than that of his neighbours, but of his more isolated habits.

Isolation becomes the philosopher only on condition that he does not forget his relation to the social organism, but builds his philosophy, as Kant did, not for himself but for the world. Senancour was a hermit whose occupation was, not to save his soul, but to scrutinize it. He cut himself adrift from the world, before he had formed any ties or associations with it, to contemplate alone those mysteries which contemplation only makes more mysterious, and which in solitude may come to seem as appalling as a nightmare. Hence the intensity of his spiritual sufferings. The world was too little with him; the higher selfishness excluded sympathy; he was too much overwhelmed with the sense of the importance of his own identity, even when he professed to be most certain of its insignificance. One cannot help suspecting that

his soul might have had fewer agonies if he had taken his place in the world instead of running away from it, and had faced the problems that baffled him in natural instead of unnatural conditions.

CHAPTER XIV

DOYEN BRIDEL

And now we come to a very different man—Doyen Bridel. While Senancour was engaged in his melancholy Swiss pilgrimage, Bridel was preaching the simple Protestant Gospel at Château d'Oex, whence he presently descended to be pastor at Montreux. He lived until 1845; but he was nearly ninety when he died—a last link with the *ancien régime*. He had been introduced by Deyverdun to Gibbon, and had had the run of Gibbon's library. His father had been tutor to Mademoiselle Curchod; he himself had been tutor to Benjamin Constant. He had been doctored by Tissot, received in Madame Necker's salon, and taught to be a man of the world by Madame de Charrière. For many reasons he is one of the most interesting figures in the literary, and even in the theological, history of Switzerland. In the main he was *Helvetiis ipsis helvetior;* but in some respects he was as little Swiss as any Switzer could be.

He began as a Wertheresque student at the University of Lausanne, where Wertheresque students have not been numerous. He was sad as night only for wantonness. He wrote poetry which would have been saluted as *decadent* if the term had then been in use. Here is a quatrain, rendered into English, which may serve as an example of its tone:

> 'Just a few flowers of friendship blow
> To cheer my journey down the years;
> I pluck the flowers as on I go,
> And water them with welling tears.'

A walking tour in the mountains awakened Philippe Bridel from this unnatural despondency. His mood, when he returned from it, was one of mingled gaiety and cynicism. He expressed it in poetry which sometimes reminds one of Horace and sometimes of Herrick, though it is not quite on the same high level. Once more one may venture to illustrate the writer's point of view by a translation. We see Bridel in doubt as to the most desirable disposition of his affections:

> 'I saw Zalmyra, who was fair to see;
> But ne'er a single spark of wit had she.
> Great was my shame to think it should be said
> That such a silly doll had turned my head.

Chloe, again, is clever, I admit,
And brightens conversation with her wit.
But, ah! her features show not any traces
Of gifts bestowed by Cupid or the Graces.'

On the whole this was a healthier mood than that which had preceded it. But there was a certain lack of finality about it which prevented it from being entirely satisfactory. The poet escaped from it appropriately by marrying, settling down, and living happily ever afterwards. At the same time he got rid of certain religious doubts which had troubled him by the not unusual device of taking Holy Orders.

He held cures successively at Basle, at Château d'Oex, and at Montreux. There is no reason to believe that he was anything but an admirable pastor, though it is not as a pastor, or even as a theologian, that he is famous. He certainly looked after the material interests of his parishioners, persuading them to build their houses of stone instead of wood, so that they might not so easily and so frequently be destroyed by fire. But his real renown rests partly upon his wit and partly upon his patriotism.

Of his wit many examples have been preserved by his biographers. He made a brilliant pun, at

the time of the French domination, on the name of a French official called Rapinat—an official whose methods resembled those of Verres. One may give it in the French :

> ' Le bon Suisse qu'on assassine
> Voudrait, au moins, qu'on décidât
> Si Rapinat vient de rapine
> Ou rapine de Rapinat.'

He also shone on the occasion on which some expelled Trappist nuns fled for refuge into his parish. Hearing that they were at the inn, he invited them to the parsonage, and entertained them hospitably. The Lady Superior said that, if he wished it, she would relieve the sisters from their vows of silence in order that he might converse with them. ' Madam,' he is reported to have replied, ' I have too much respect for ladies who can hold their tongues to avail myself of your permission.'

But, though his good sayings were often really good, it is, after all, his patriotism that was the Bridel's most important characteristic. He was continually writing throughout nearly the whole of his exceptionally long life, and almost everything that he wrote was written with the design of impressing upon the Swiss the greatness and the

unity of Switzerland. His poetry does not count —Swiss poetry very seldom does. His real life's work consists in his long series of papers on Swiss subjects, bound up periodically in volumes bearing the successive titles of 'Mélanges Helvétiques,' 'Etrennes Helvétiennes,' and 'Le Conservateur Suisse.' Here are chapters of Swiss history—stirring chapters telling of the deeds of the Swiss in the brave days of Sempach and Grandson, Morat and Morgarten. Here also are extracts from the old Swiss writers—such writers as Conrad Gesner and Josias Simler—translated from the Latin into French, and accounts of journeys through the less-known parts of Switzerland, undertaken in the pursuit of patriotic knowledge.

'I am,' he said, 'neither a Zurich man, nor a Berne man, nor a Canton Vaud man, but a Switzer. I am neither a Catholic nor a Reformer, but a Christian. I am neither democrat, nor autocrat, nor ochlocrat, but patriot in the ancient sense of the word.'

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